

# I Magazine Page

## Wood Sold by the Pound.

CIRCASSIAN walnut, a popular wood for furniture, is sold by the pound or ton. As early as 116 B. C. it was introduced into Italy from Persia. The logs are so heavy that they will not float. Only the heart of the wood is used, and it is the crooked, irregular logs that possess the best-figured wood.

## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the surrender of Sedan and the capitulation of Napoleon III. to the invading Germans. The seizure of Alsace and Lorraine by the Prussians never ceased to rankle in the French mind, and its restoration to France was one of the cardinal conditions in the recent victory of the Allies.

## When a Girl Marries

Anne Gives Neal a Real Welcome and Asks Him About Her Mother's Ring, But Before He Can Answer He Catches Sight of Phoebe

By Anne Lisle.

When a girl marries, she is in a peculiar position. She is no longer a child, but she is not yet a woman.

"Neal!" I cried, "Neal!" As I rushed across the room, I saw Phoebe standing in the doorway, looking at me with a strange expression. "Neal!" I called again, but she did not answer. I went on, looking at her with a strange expression. "Neal!" I called again, but she did not answer. I went on, looking at her with a strange expression.

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## Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

As Jack and Jill went up the hill Their motor car broke down. "O dear, O dear, we greatly fear We'll never reach the town!"

Then out Jack got and off did trot As fast as he was able; "Come, Farmer Cross, lend me a horse From out your big red stable!"

"All right, my lad, I shall be glad To let you have my mare; She'll pull you through, for she's true blue. And land you safely there!"

So Jill and Jack when they got back Ran up to pat and hug her. And then with care they fed the mare A great big lump of sugar.

AND this is the way it happened, you see, in New Mother Goose Land. And of course Puss Junior was there, and the first thing he said was, "You are not at all like Jack and Jill in Old Mother Goose. No, not a bit." "Why, what were they like?" asked Jill, turning from the mare and patting Puss Junior. "What was Jill like, my dear?" "Well, in the first place," answered Puss, "they went up the hill their all to fill, but half way down Jack broke his crown. You see, he slipped and fell and the water spattered all over me, and my boots were half filled with it, and, dear me! I was a sight!"

"And just then, the mare looked at Puss and neighed, for she was the farmer's daughter so rosy and fair. 'Hello, my little friend,' she said, and after that of course Puss had to tell Jack and Jill all about the accident, and how she had fallen down and broken her knees when she raven flew by and frightened her with his dismal creak."

"You are a most amusing little cat," said Jack. "It seems to me you know almost everybody in Mother Goose."

"So do," replied Puss Junior, "but I must say I am getting surprised now that I am traveling in New Mother Goose Land. You see, I expect at first everybody to do some things over again, but they don't!"

"His, ha!" laughed Jack. "My dear Puss, we've just had new plumbing put in and all we have to do now is to turn a little faucet and we get all the water we want. No more trips up the hill to fetch a pail of water for Jill and me!"

"Well, let me take the mare back for you," said Puss, and with this he jumped on her back and set off for Farmer Cross' farm, and in the next story you shall hear of an accident.

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## A Romance of Early Wedded Life

And I haven't the money to buy new clothes just now. Dad wanted to take me, but I wouldn't let him."

Then there flashed through my mind a picture of Phoebe glowing over her jade necklace and crying that Shelly's sent her a whole garden of American Beauties now. What chance had Neal with this new, worldly, mercenary, extravagant Phoebe—a Harrison of the Harrison?

"So you're back looking for a job?" I questioned, half to myself. "Yes, I wrote for my old one and it was filled. They said they'd told me not to go. Well, I guess there's still room for an expert accountant or two in the Big Village—ah, what, Babbs?"

"Neal, dear, when Father Andrew brought back mother's ring did you—just take it—and never write to Phoebe at all?" Neal stared at me for a moment. I wondered if he was furious and thought me prying. Then, suddenly, as if they were dragged away from my face, his eyes lifted, widened, fastened themselves on the reaches of the room lying back of me.

To Be Continued.

## Successful Wives

By LORETTO G. LYNCH.

An acknowledged expert on cooking and on all matters pertaining to the household.

AS we begin another winter and once more return to the indoors, it is well to appoint a day of reckoning. Looking back over the months just past, have you readjusted your manner of living one way or the other? Have you become just one bit happier?

In the past few months I have traveled over twelve thousand miles and have lived in all kinds of homes. I have lived in the homes of a clerk, a factory worker, an officer in the regular army, a retail food merchant, the Lieutenant-Governor of a Canadian province, the hut of some fisher folk in far North Alaska. And once I lived in the home of a Russian tailor in a New York tenement. Each household was in charge of a housewife, and some were very happy households—and some were not.

Alone now and far away from it all, I am reviewing all these households and asking myself—just what is it that makes for a happy household?

It is the ambition of each of us when we start out in our own homes to be mistress of a happy, successful home—yet sometimes we fail—yes, fail when it might have been avoided. To the housewife the autumn beakens a new beginning, and almost always, a woman who will take the time to think and be really honest with herself, can begin a happy household anew.

I realize that the foundation of every home in the beginning is mutual love and respect between husband and wife. Lacking these, the home is usually foredoomed before it is begun. But alas, this is a practical world and not a world of idealism. The happy household may endure, several practical considerations are absolutely essential.

From my observations I think one of the main causes of unhappy households is lack of understanding. There is lack of financial understanding between husband and wife. There is lack of understanding between husband and wife, the various members of the household, and the household servants, if there are any, as to the division of labor. There is lack of definite understanding as to rights and privileges.

Money to be enjoyed must be definitely apportioned. I am not referring now only to the large income, but to the small income as well. In the home of small income I find two cardinal faults—either the money is expended in a miserly or in a recklessly wasteful manner. In the very happy household there is definite understanding—and what money there is is rather definitely apportioned. The apportioned sums may be quite insignificant, but the sense of definiteness is delightful. Recreation and pleasure always have their money apportionment in the very happy household.

Money for pleasure and recreation is almost as essential as the food money. Sometimes it is but a couple of nickels for carfare to the park, and again it is a couple of dollars for real theater treat. But whether the allowance is great or small, it is always there and spent with rare exception, for nothing but the purpose for which it is allotted.

In the happy household, the wife as mistress of the home, understands the essentials of housekeeping. She understands sanitation, household management, including marketing, food preparation, the cooking and serving of nourishing, attractive meals. A knowledge of sewing and mending is desirable, but not essential.

Happiness cannot be where the household is kept in an unsanitary condition, where there is no management, where food is carelessly prepared or spoiled in the cooking, and where unsuitable and unattractive meals are served.

The happy household sometimes boasts of a maid or two with the wife as general director, but more often the wife has to do all. Then, too, there is a definite understanding as to the division of labor. It is my observation that greatest happiness seems to be where the home-making is mutual, and the husband does not always pose as a guest unless he is able to provide some help for his wife.

He does not feel abused if he is asked to make the fire or tend the furnace, before going to work each morning. Nor does he feel abused if occasionally he is left to wash the dinner dishes or tidy up the living room. Just in so much the wife does not feel abused if through no fault of his own the husband ceases to be the breadwinner, and the must, start forth and be both breadwinner and housewife.

The ideal husband and wife love their home and never lose interest in beautifying or improving that home whether it be a single room or a house of many rooms. If, for instance, a beautiful armchair will add to the comfort and attractiveness of the home and they can afford it, instead of hoarding their money, they purchase it for the indescribable pleasure it brings.

In there something you can change in your household with a view to making it a better, happier household this winter. A single improvement in each household will help. Can you make just one improvement in yours?

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Sounds Like True Love.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: There is a certain man in our office who smiles at me, and it seems he is really fond of me. I know I love him, but I can't seem to be able to get him to take me out. Notice how he blushes when he sees me, and when I come in in the morning and he is asked his name, he seems glad I don't go out, but stay home evenings and dream about him. I am going to leave this job any day now, because I want to, but because it is only temporary. I must be a bit foolish, but one time I do know, I feel over the way I never felt for anyone else.

It would seem to be a simple enough matter to become better acquainted with the young man in the same office as you are. And if he smiles and seems glad when you come in of a morning, it looks as if the interest was mutual. Why do you not get some friend who knows you both to get up a picnic, movie party or a dance, and invite you both. When two young people are glad to see each other, a more friendly footing is easily arranged.

## Fails to Keep Promises.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am on friendly terms with a young man who is very nice and quite a number of years. Please do not misunderstand me. I am not in love with this young man, nor do I believe he is in love with me. We are just good friends.

He has always treated me with admirable courtesy and consideration. There but one thing that makes me think I should be tempted to retaliate in kind, but as you are so considerate to do this, why not talk with him fairly and frankly, and let him know how you feel about it.

## The March of Intellect.

A voluble orator was addressing a crowd. "Progress," he cried, "is the great idea of the present age! We are wiser than our fathers were, and our fathers were wiser than their fathers." "Say, mister," cried one of his hearers, "what an ignorant your grandfather must have been!"

## Prize Winning Models for Late Fall

The Wrap and Coat Here Shown Were Exhibited with Hundreds of Others and Adjudged by Fashion Experts the Best in Their Class

Trimmed with opossum fur, this coat of velour is notable for its rich simplicity and its air of smart up-to-dateness.



Photos by International

Here is a most attractive evening wrap of chiffon velvet trimmed with opossum, embodying all the latest suggestions

In Direct Contradiction to the Accepted Idea That "All the World Loves a Lover" By FONTAINE FOX.

— THE NEXT TIME — YOU WANT TO PRESENT — A YOUNG LADY — WITH FLOWERS — DON'T TAKE THE — CENTERPIECE OFF — MY TABLE —



## Twice-Told Tales of Washington

By Francis de Sales Ryan.

## The Closing of Parasite Den

ALL down the scale of animal life, from the lowest to the highest, there are parasites. They are everywhere. They are in the soil, in the air, in the water, in the food, in the clothing, in the furniture, in the house, in the city, in the country, in the world.

The underworld in every big city reeks and squirms with them. They are too rotten, their brains too murky, to make clever crooks, yet they are not without cunning or courage of a kind. Of such were a little circle of men and women who conducted a resort in Maryland avenue during the days when the underworld was in power. The police named it "Parasite Den." The parasites were "Baldy" Turner, "Blinky" Jack "Coke" Sanders, "Pullman" Joe, Jennie Carter and Lettie Lewis.

Five hundred dollars cash would have bought the entire group for anything from open murder to selling their souls to war-mad emperors to the detriment of anybody or everything.

It was a little after 11 o'clock at night when Williams, then a private, learned that "Coke" Sanders, wanted by the police on a serious charge, was in the resort and went to arrest him. The night was exceedingly black and overcast, a bleak wind was blowing, and the big open trees around the house, bending before the wind, threw lurid shadows here and there about the grounds and lent something weird and grim to the atmosphere of that memorable night.

## Bobbie and His Pa

By William F. Kirk.

WE have went to live in a bungalow for the summer with our friends, Pa & two of his friends built the bungalow, it looks just like a regular place to live only when it rains it leaks.

Pa didn't think it was going to leak when we moved in. Me & my two friends, Pa, George Mandy, and George Fendley, know all about how to fix up one of them shacks. All of us is old timers at ruffing it, sed Pa. In our day we have been as ruff as rats, sed Pa. But our dear little wives, sed Pa, with their reefering infuena, has smoothed us down until we are like Sattin, Pa sed.

It looks like a rather flimsy roof to me, sed Ma. That is a trick of the building trade, sed Pa. We made it to look flimsy & cool, but it would hold out to cloud burst, Pa sed, Wait till it rains and see.

Last nite it rained good & hard. Blow, ye Tempest, sed Pa. We deeferd thee.

After the storm, the rainbow, sed Pa. Blow, ye tempest, here in our snug retreat we mock them elements, sed Pa. We jest had supper a hour ago, sed Ma. The storm must give you a pain in your stomach that you talk for hunger, sed Ma. Are you afraid? Ma sed to Pa.

Ma afraid? Sed Pa. Ma, who have faced them elements in the four (4) corners of the world? What a silly ask! sed Pa.

The thunder & lightning was awful, & I was good & scared. I grabbed hold of Pa's hand & it was shaking like he was shaking hands with me.

I red about sum peopl getting hit by lightning in one of these bungalows, sed Pa.

That mite happen anyway, sed Ma. They all say that if two peopl is quarrelling it draws the lightning.

Dear little wife, sed Pa, you & me wud never quarl, wud we? Not in a storm, sed Ma, he sometimes we have got along about like Cain & Abel. Why are you so white? sed Ma to Pa.

It must be the glare of the lightning, sed Pa. My stern soul sneers at fears, sed Pa. If a bolt from the sky shud talk me off, sed Pa, remember you have a policy on my life. Pa sed, Let the worst cum, if it wud, sed Pa.

Then all of a sudden it stopped storming & Pa took a long breth & sed thank hevin's, the tempest is laid & peace settles over all. Maybe Pa wasn't scared but I guess he likes Fare Wether.

## At a Disadvantage.

There had been unpleasant words before between the dramatist and a leading comedian as to the latter's habit of adding impromptu jokes to his part. "There's no need for you to gag," said the dramatist angrily, after the comedian had done it again. "Your part as written is quite funny enough. All you've got to do is to say the words and wait for the audience to laugh." The comedian did not look convinced. "That's all right for you," he grumbled. "You live in town and can afford the time. But don't forget that I have to catch the midnight train to my place in the suburbs, and I can't wait till the audience laughs!"

Officer Williams found all the group of parasites in a back room, and he named "Coke" that he was under arrest. "There was a strange, glittering light in the crook's ugly little eyes as he looked at the policeman. 'Coke' was a reputed bad actor, and no one disputed the fact. He was a professional stager. His body was tense now; the yellow fingers that clinched a cigarette shook just a trifle; the vigor of his say hung low over his weariless eyes, which now half-crazily crept over the face of his captor."

"What would you say," he asked, "if I was to tell you I wouldn't go, that you're facting low big a job?" The officer, with the sinister expression that leered out from between the lids of the crook, and decided to act quickly and decisively. The crook was hanging in the balance.

"You're going with me, alive—or dead," replied Williams. With that he closed in on Sanders, who promptly clinched with the patrolman and then all hands pitched in. All Jails in Atmos.

The fight was short, but bloody and terrible. The men and women of the "Den" attacked Williams with loaded blisses, "limbings," and brass "knucks," and his hands were literally battered out of shape from the terrific blows rained upon it. Blood streamed into his eyes, and partly blinded him. The swiftness of the deadly battle precluded his reaching for his revolver, which, in those days, was kept in his hip pocket, where it could not easily be reached because of a cumbersome coat and belt.

Depending upon his opinion the officer fought desperately for his life within that back room of the "Den," and after fifteen minutes of the bloodiest, most vicious, ever staged in Bloodville, he emerged, dragging the limp form of "Coke" Sanders. He returned with other officers and finished the job. And the battle was the closing chapter in the history of "Parasite Den," for the members of the "Den" all received sentences that automatically closed a resort of the underworld forever.

## The New Club Spirit

By Eleanor Gilbert.

THERE'S going to be a convention of business women this summer. In St. Louis there will be gathered representative business women from many parts of the country who will get together for a big purpose—the formation of a national federation of business women's clubs.

National conventions of business men are held every year, and almost every day in the week some of the branches of trade and professions—merchants, manufacturers, medical men, publishers, bankers, and so forth, all have their national conventions. Here the men from the East and West exchange opinions and suggestions that help each other.

The formation of one big general body is the means by which the trades or profession as a whole voices its opinions and lays before the public matters of interest or helplessness.

Heretofore women who worked haven't had this vehicle for reaching the public. Some women belonged to some clubs. Some women belonged to labor unions. Occasionally all these were organizations of men in which women were reluctantly tolerated. But when a few hundred or a few thousand women scattered here and there had a project which needed public sympathy or approval, how could they speak? Voting power helped some, but it was not within the reach of all.

Business women, of all people, have heretofore had to depend on those who volunteered their interest to present grievances or to plan for the future. They have had to depend on their number. Vacation funds, minimum wage committees, eight-hour-day agitation, are projects that have been fought for working women, but not always by them. Philanthropists, social workers or paid professionals have frequently carried on the work.

Every city, large and small, should be represented at this conference through its local business women's organization. If the business women in any city have no organization they should hasten to begin one, in order that their plans and aspirations may be voiced at this conference.

There is no thought, of course, of making this organization one with any particular bias. It is formed purely for the purpose of providing a general meeting ground for women who work. General grievances will be heard, but no special assistance rendered in such measure as is customary with organizations of this kind. But the chief importance of the federation will be that it will provide a regular channel of communication for all business women—it will assist in the propagation of helpful ideas for all women and serve as an exchange for the benefit of all working women.

Business clubs for business women are a comparatively new growth in this country. But there are so many that flourish, so many that have enriched the lives of otherwise lonely women, that every thinking woman who works should join one in her locality or help to form one if none exist.